

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER.

FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY, NOT THEIR WRONGS.

VOLUME 1.

SALYERSVILLE, MAGOFFIN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1912.

NUMBER 25.

Correspondence.

To CORRESPONDENTS: Mail your letters early so they will get to us earlier than Monday night. RULES: Write on one side of the paper only; write plainly; spell names correctly, and write "Cor" on the envelope.

Leave out neighborhood visits or we will.

If your letter does not appear, remember, that it was either too late or that its contents did not justify publication.

We leave out a part, or all, of other letters as well as yours.

Our space is limited and we must leave out much that is intended for publication. That is one of the many unthankful tasks of the editor.

Correspondents get your LETTERS in early.

BRADLEY.

C. H. Peters, of Allen, passed through here last week with a drove of mules for the Pike county market.

Mr. Bill Patrick is still on the sick list.

Mrs. L. C. Patrick is improving some.

The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Calley Adams the 15th and left a bouncing boy.

HOPEFUL.

GAPVILLE.

While out hunting for some cattle a few days ago Dan Barnett fell hurting himself very badly. He was unconscious for some time but is some better at this writing.

Meeting was held at the Holbrook cemetery Sunday by John Joseph and John Adams. Every body, sober and well behaved.

On account of the recent rains everything is growing nicely.

News is scarce up here this week.

ELM.

J. D. Bond and Pleas Holbrook were here last week on business.

Mrs. Vernie Cornett, of Lickburg, is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. J. Wheeler.

The stork visited the home of Sanford Hamilton and left a fine boy.

Quite a crowd from this place attended church at Coon last Sunday.

C. W. Wheeler made a business trip to Wheelersburg Saturday.

A. F. Blair, of Staffordsville, was in this section a few days ago.

DOVER.

MIDDLE FORK.

On account of so much rain farmers are behind with their crops.

Edgar Adams, Mrs. Fannie Adams and Mrs. Telia Adams, of Hager, visited friends here Sunday.

The funeral of Nathan Rowe will be preached the 3rd Sunday in September.

Jane Rowe, the aged widow of Nathan Rowe, is doing fairly well.

Kizer and Butler Dyer have gone to West Liberty to work on the pipe line.

We want everybody in this community to subscribe for the Mountaineer and vote for Frank Blair for County Court Clerk.

UNCLE BOOKER.

HOLLIS.

(Con't from last week.) If there is anything in what he said we ought to have a fine season this year, that is, if he ever got his almanac completed,

Taft Nominated by Regular Convention.

Roosevelt Nominated by Delegates Who refused to remain in Regular Convention.

Call Themselves "The Progressive Party."

When Chairman Root decided to permit the 78 contested delegates to vote on their own contests the Roosevelt delegates fully decided that this was a "steal" pure and simple and that they would not stand for it.

They accordingly withdrew and proceeded to nominate Roosevelt. Taft received 561 votes, or a majority of 21. This included the 78 contested delegates.

The progressive resolutions declare that the delegates present represented "a clear majority of the voters and alternates legally elected to the convention," and further resolved that "in compliance with our instructions from the party voters, we hereby nominate Theodore Roosevelt as the candidate of our party for the office of President, and call upon him to accept such nomination in compliance with the will of the party voters."

The resolutions read as follows:

"We, delegates and alternates to the Republican National Convention, representing a clear majority of the voters of the Republican party in the nation, and representing a clear majority of the delegates and alternates legally elected to the convention, in meeting assembled, make the following declaration:

"We were delegated by a majority of the Republican voters of our respective districts and States to nominate Theodore Roosevelt in the Republican National Convention as the candidate for our party for President and thereby carry out the will of the voters as expressed at the primaries. We have earnestly and conscientiously striven to execute the commission intrusted to us by the party voters."

"For five days we have been denied justice in the national convention. This result has been accomplished by the action of the now defunct national committee in placing upon the preliminary roll of the convention and thereby seating upon the floor of the convention, a sufficient number of fraudulently elected delegates to control the proceedings of the convention.

"These fraudulent delegates, once seated, have by concerted action with one another, put themselves upon the permanent roll, where they constitute an (Con't on page 2.)

for he had it outlined in fine shape. But I am afraid he did not get it completed before he took the brain fever in the bowels. Now this brings me to a puzzling point. If he was made such a great man why wasn't he made right? Why wasn't his head made big enough to hold his brain without mixing them with his bowels, or did they just make the exchange and place his bowels in his head.

Well I have left off my visit to the new State or prosperous land. I went down the fresh mountain on the farther side and found one of the most beautiful countries on earth. I was in no hurry so I viewed the whole State. There was one of the most timbered countries I ever saw. I visited 300 of the largest factor-

ASK FOR



Best Known Shoes in Kentucky.

MERCHANTS, WRITE TO

WARREN P. KEETON,

Hager, Ky.,

To Call and Show You Samples.

The Tracy Shoe Company,
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

ies in the world. Mills cutting lumber and cross ties and stoves of all descriptions.

But the most wondering thing on my mind was how all these mills and factories were run.

That is by what power, as there were no engines of any kind. I was very hasty, asked questions of course, and they told me that all this power come from the center of the State where the man sit that come from the moon. They said he brought gas enough with him to run their State for a thousand years. That don't look reasonable the way he has been blowing it off for the past eighteen weeks in the Kentucky Mountaineer. I am afraid that the world will get so full of his gas that we will all suffocate. My view is that he had better go back to where he was born as he would be of more use to us in the moon than he is here.

You may print my short letter if you choose and probably it will cause some one else to make a more successful trip than I have to the new State on the Prich Fork of Contrary.

Don't Gossip.

A Jewish woman once repeated a piece of gossip about a neighbor. It flew from mouth to mouth, and soon all the town knew the story, which caused the person affected a great deal of unhappiness.

One day the woman discovered that the tale she had told was not true, and in the greatest sorrow she went to the rabbi to ask in what way she could make atonement for, and repair, the wrong she had committed.

The rabbi heard what the woman had to say, and he told her to go to the market, have a fowl killed, pluck it on the way home, and drop the feathers one by one as she went along.

The woman was surprised at this curious means of atonement, but she did as the rabbi instructed, and on the following day came to him again to report that she had carried out his behest.

"Now," said the rabbi, "go and collect all the feathers and bring them to me."

The woman went along the road she had traversed on the previous day, but she found that the wind had blown the feathers away, and after an all-day's search, she was only able to bring back two or three.

"You see," the good rabbi said to her gently, "it was easy to drop the feathers but it is an almost impossible task to bring them back again. So it is with

gossip and slander. It is easy to spread false reports about thy neighbor, but it is impossible to make good the wrong thus committed. Go thy way and avoid gossip." —Ex.

Ten Things to do This Month

1. Keep up rapid, shallow, level cultivation of the crops. If a dry spell comes all the moisture in the soil will be needed.

2. Cut the wheat and oats as soon as they have colored up well. Don't let them get "dead ripe." Make a special effort to get them in the shelter or in the stack without injury to rain.

3. Cut grass and red clover when in full bloom. Much hay is allowed to get too ripe.

4. Keep on planting feed crops—corn for silage, cowpeas, peanuts, soy beans, sweet potatoes, etc.

5. Look after the farm machinery. Build a tool shed, if you have none, and keep every implement not in use under it. Sunshine and rain damage many implements more than the wear they get.

6. Look to the pastures. Cut down weeds, briars, etc.; dig up bushes; see that the livestock has plenty of shade and pure water.

7. Keep an eye on the health of your hogs. If any get sick or if cholera breaks out near you get in touch with your State Department of Agriculture and prepare to inoculate against cholera.

8. Clean out this year's strawberry beds and set new ones. Keep Bordeaux and Parisgreen handy for the Irish potatoes. Keep weeds out of the garden and put the canner to work. Plant orchards to cowpeas or some truck crop.

9. Keep a lookout for "breaks" or washes in the fields, and stop them at once.

10. Talk it over with the boy or girl who wishes to go to college next fall and see if you can arrange things so he or she can earn some extra money.—The Progressive Farmer.

The Coming Teacher.

Down the dim vista of modern times the public school teachers of our nation have been traveling, talking "Better Schools" and "Better Salaries." From New York to San Francisco, the "Golden City of the West," and from the Lakes to the Gulf, the live wire educators are exposing the selfishness and character of such undeserving teachers. It is true that a man cannot devote himself to teaching without money for his services, neither is a man capable of teaching school who has not had the necessary and required preparation. The time is coming when the old fogey, moss-backed schoolmaster will be drummed out of the profession.

The schools of the future will be modern schools and will require modern and up-to-date teachers. The public school teacher will be a superior man or woman, physically, mentally, morally, and all who fail to measure up to the standard must be excluded from the brotherhood of teachers.

1. He will be a splendid type of physical manhood. His erect

form, light step, graceful movements, musical voice, and enduring strength will fit him to direct, to manage, to instruct and to inspire. Teaching is thought to be easy work and there is a tendency to fill our ranks with weaklings and invalids. No other profession requires such robust health, such bounding spirits and nerves of steel. The people are beginning to learn

that favoritism is what poisons the profession. The most worthy are driven out. The worthy teacher gives way to the incapable who happens to have an influential uncle or a rich brother-in-law. School boards must be held

WANTED!

Your neighbor to subscribe for the Mountaineer. He needs it and we need him. Will you help us in getting him?

If you will do this you will profit by it as well as we. The more subscribers the better paper. Our goal is 1,000 subscribers.

Can we do it? We can if you will help. Give us a lift. Rates \$1.00 per year, 10cts per month for less than a year.

to strict account. Necessary safeguards must be provided. He who votes for a teacher from favoritism must be branded as a public enemy; and all who do not co-operate and work in harmony for the public improvement of our country and our public school system should be expelled from the brotherhood.

The teachers of our county and our State need more normal training, that is, if a person expects to teach school and make a success he must be trained along the line of that particular work.

If we expect to make lawyers we must know the different ways of handling different cases, if we expect to make success as physicians we must also know the different ways of treating patients with different diseases. If we expect to teach and lead pupils we must know the different incentives that appeal to different pupils.

The teachers of the future will not be merely Place-filers. It has been too much so in the past. The teachers must quit talking "Better Schools and Better Salaries" if they don't intend to have good schools. We need teachers that are wide awake and alert, teachers that read the educational journals and know of the school problems that are being discussed daily by the great educators of our State and Nation, and, if possible, teachers who can attend the Educational Associations held in different parts of the State.

When we have such teachers as this we will have better schools and the teachers will be able to demand a better salary. We teachers of Magoffin county can make our schools a success if we put our shoulders to the wheel and move like we meant business. We would do well to study the work done by Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart. She has obtained fame and done much valuable service in her county (Rowan) by establishing "Moonlight Schools." An interesting account of the "Moonlight Schools" was given in the Lexington Herald and Kentucky Mountaineer about two months ago and every teacher who failed to read it missed a great deal.

Now, with Magoffin's corps of teachers, the aid of the County Superintendent, the Trustees, and the hearty co-operation of the people in general success shall be ours.

PARNELL PICKLESIMER.

A New Psalm.

1. My wife is my boss. I shall not deny it.

2. She maketh me lie down behind the bed when swell company cometh, and she leadeth me behind her up Main Street.

3. She restoreth my pocket-book after she has spent all its contents for hobble skirts and theatre tickets, and she leadeth me in the main aisle at church for her new hat's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk more than half the night thru dark rooms with a crying baby, I will get no rest for she is behind me, her broomstick and her bat pin, they do everything else but comfort me.

5. She prepareth a cold snack for me, then maketh a bee-line for an aid society supper. She annoieth my head with the rolling pin occasionally. My arms runneth over with the bundles before she is half done with her shopping.

6. Surely her dressmaker's and millinery bills shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of my wife forever.—Selected.

"Fourth" In Uncle Sam's Possessions



Celebration of America's Independence In Porto Rico, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines Gradually Growing Popularity — Its Observance by American Citizens Abroad.

UNCLE SAM'S possessions are, in the natural course of events, becoming Americanized. In all of them our customs have gradually been adopted until even our holidays are held in something like a patriotic spirit. However, in some of the possessions among a certain portion of the population the celebration of the Fourth of July is not hailed with enthusiasm so much because of the fact of its being the natal day of American independence as because one more holiday added to an already long list. For instance, the people of Porto Rico have something like 200 holidays and feast days, but in spite of this abundance they gladly welcomed all that the Americans had to offer in that line.

Already Washington's birthday is being celebrated in Porto Rico with considerable eclat. In time, doubtless, it will be recognized as one of the leading insular holidays.

It was in 1899 that the Porto Ricans had the first opportunity to celebrate "our great and glorious Fourth." They began in a way that not only promised well for the future, but told of long suppressed enthusiasm for a national cause.

Speeches during the day and fireworks at night marked the occasion in all the principal cities and towns. In the country districts were numerous processions, races and outdoor sports in honor of the new holiday.

It was not until two years later, or 1901, however, that the celebration really struck its stride. In that year the municipal council of San Juan decided to make the feast of the city's patron saint, St. John, an occasion worthy of note.

According to the calendar, this feast day was June 24, but in order to get a good start the celebration was begun on June 10.

It was decided to continue the festivities until the last day of June.

Porto Rico's Lengthy Fete.

When toward the end of June it was remembered that the United States government had a little celebration of its own to suggest the municipal feast was prolonged until July 4 in order to avoid invidious distinctions.

It was no commonplace affair this prolonged introduction to the new American holiday. A formal printed program gave the arrangements for each of the preceding festivals.

Municipal ordinances were relaxed, booths of fakers sprang up everywhere, faro banks and roulette wheels dropped their usual attempts at concealment, and everything moved merrily with the general festival whirl.

Recognition of the Fourth of July is carried out in much the same manner today in Porto Rico. American residents have their sports and banquets, and the natives are none the less happy.

They attend horse races, regattas, baseball games and other holiday features. Parades are frequent, and parades

FAMOUS AMERICAN FOURTHS.

July 4, 1793, John Quincy Adams made his first great speech.

July 4, 1804, Nathaniel Hawthorne was born.

July 4, 1817, work was commenced on the Erie canal.

July 4, 1826, on the semi-centenary of Independence day, two of the original signers died.

They were Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, each an ex-president.

July 4, 1831, James Monroe died, the third ex-president whose death came upon this day.

July 4, 1846, during the Mexican war, the Americans at Sonoma, Cal., raised the flag of revolution, General Fremont in command, the first place on the Pacific coast to declare for the Americans.

July 4, 1848, with impressive ceremonies, the cornerstone of the Washington monument was laid at the national capital.

July 4, 1863, the Confederate General Holmes was defeated before Helena, Ark. Pemberton also surrendered Vicksburg to Grant.

July 4, 1888, was the "Fourth of rejoicing." Admiral Cervera's fleet was destroyed the day before, and all knew the Spanish war was really at an end.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

Even at remote posts in the wild land country the Fourth was not permitted to pass unnoticed.

"If the sturdy miners could do no more they unfurled small flags from the fronts of their cabins and made the day a holiday."

When it is considered that until 1867 Alaska was Russian territory such a celebration was not without significance, although the inhabitants there now are nearly all native born Americans.

"A clergyman offered prayer, the 'Star Spangled Banner' was played by the band, the Declaration of Independence was read, and eloquent orators told what the day meant to the nation.

"In many other towns and minor settlements of Alaska similar exercises were held. The American citizen, away from the States for a time, in his search for wealth did not permit the anniversary of freedom to pass unnoticed.

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The Weekly Farm Budget

STACKING GRAIN.

Better to Make Small Round Piles Than Large Ricks.

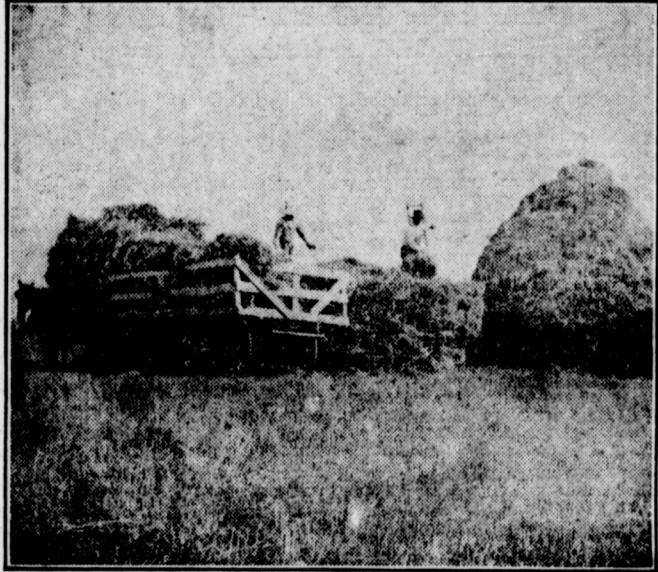
USE FORK INSTEAD OF KNEES.

Good Stacker Knows How to Turn Bundles to Have Them Lie Best. Take Pains to Provide Against the Entrance of Rainwater.

Grain stacking seems to be threatened as one of the lost arts. It is a task that few men seek and is one that many will avoid as long as they can. There is a feeling of safety on the part of a great many when the grain is being threshed out of the shock, for they feel that grain in the sack is far safer than that in the stack. There are three ways of stacking. Two of these methods involve the use of small round stacks, and in many respects they are preferable to the third way, which is making large ricks.

Some men can build a better rick than they can a stack, and to them the plan is building ricks. A rick is more difficult to top out so it will turn rain.

Stacking Wheat In the Proper Way



and much more top surface is exposed than in the round stacks. In building round stacks one plan is to lay out the stack as large as wanted in the first place, always keeping the middle full and allowing for but little bulge to be put on the stack. Such a stack can be made to hold ten or twelve loads, and by always having the middle full the stack will stand in little danger of leaking. A stack of this kind is less likely to lean, thinks a Field and Farm writer.

The other kind of round stack is to begin a foundation about four feet less in diameter than the stack is desired and by building it up flat for four feet a good foundation is obtained. At this point a water table should be built, the middle filled up and a bulge put on gradually. When a stack of this kind settles the outer ends of the bundles will hang downward and will preclude the entrance of any rain.

A good stacker will always use a fork instead of kneeling the bundles. He will know how to turn the bundle to make it lie best. When putting on the bulge the long side of the butts should be upward, and in drawing they should be laid the opposite way. In making the outside tiers the bundles should be laid flatwise if possible, and the inner courses should have them laid edgewise. This will cause the middle to be full without very much effort.

Sectional Value of Potatoes.

In some experiments made at Cornell university to test the comparative yield from the stem and seed end of potatoes it was found that as an average of twenty-two varieties for two years the seed end gave a yield of 180 bushels per acre, while the corresponding yield from the stem end was about 151 bushels per acre. It would seem from this that it would be good farming to feed the stem ends to the hogs and plant only the seed ends.

ROPE IN "SUNDAY CLOTHES."

People who have had the experience of pulling fibers of rope out of their "Sunday clothes" will probably be relieved to know that the clothmaker was not trying to spread his wool over an unreasonably large territory by the addition of jute or hemp. The fact is that the bits got into the wool when the wool was bundled up and came from the jute or sisal twine with which it was tied.

Some of the fibers of twine made of jute or sisal become loose and detached from the parent body during shipment and work their way into the wool. The manufacturers find it impossible to get these odd fibers out of the wool in the scouring process, and the result is that they go through the carding or combing machines, are spun into yarn or thread, get into the material for one's clothes and not until that point is reached begin to work their way out of the cloth. If they

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

From Ohio Department of Agriculture.

A good commercial orchard is worth \$1,000 an acre.

Scotland's wheat yield averages forty-three bushels per acre.

Good seed and good drainage will give birth to a fat bank account.

"Does the mixing of all varieties of wheat in a car affect the price paid to the farmer?" One hundred and thirty-six grain dealers said "Yes" and fifty-five said "No." Forty-nine millers said "Yes" and seven said "No."

Farmers could add 5 cents to the price of wheat per bushel by growing one variety in the same community so as to ship carload lots of one variety.

Millers and grain dealers agree that dirt and weed seeds in wheat tend to lower the price fixed for a community.

Better standards and higher quality in a whole community soon will establish a reputation that will win better prices for the products of that community.

BIG DEMAND FOR DRAFTERS.

Horses of Right Types Eagerly Sought After by Buyers.

With the general all around opening up of the country for farming purposes the demand for the draft horse throughout the middle west came on with a rush which naturally could not be met by the markets and caused a dearth in work horses of every type. The rapid increase in traction power seems to have little effect on this demand.

In the west, where traction power is largely in use, the cry for more horses is heard, and the farmers of the districts say that what that section of the country needs more than anything else to promote the crops is a large quantity of horses.

The eastern farmers and horse breeders waited for some time for this demand to set in. There was comparatively little buying ahead of the general need. The western farmers were considerably handicapped in the thrashing and marketing of last year's crop and consequently put off the buying until the last minute. Business came on in a rush, and in Ontario the western dealers were forced to scour the east in search of good work horses.

It is said that in Ontario the market was literally exhausted, the result being that those dealers who were able to meet the demands made a golden harvest.

When the east is drained of all its surplus horseflesh there will not be enough to supply the needs of the west. While there has been large expansion in horse breeding in all parts of the country, the east has been unable to accumulate any large surplus, the yearly demands from the prairie countries keeping it down below normal. Ohio, Indiana, Iowa and all the horse breeding centers of the west are being hunted over, and the supply of American horses entering Canada this year has been unusually large.

Millet.

Millet requires warm weather for successful growth. Frost kills it about as easily as Indian corn. The best soil for millet is a rich, well drained sandy loam. On heavy clays or wet lands it will not thrive. It is hard on the land, not because it withdraws more plant food from the soil than many other crops, but because of its shallow feeding root system it draws most of its plant food from near the surface of the soil. It should be seeded around the last of May or first of June. In the south it may be sown as late as August.—American Agriculturist.

Treat Your Horse Decently.

There is perhaps nothing better than an earth floor for horses if it is kept level and dry, but whether the floor is of earth, plank or cement the honest work horse deserves a soft bed of clean straw, especially when the work season is on.—Iowa Homestead.

Peanuts in Corn Land.

The peanut used to be considered a crop especially adapted to southern climate. It is now demonstrated that it will grow in practically any section that will raise corn, and it is a plant rich in feeding value.

Where Ambition Pointed.

"Professor," said Miss Skylight, according to Tit-Bits, "I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I have thought of journalism."

"What are your inclinations?"

"Oh, my soul yearns and throbs and pulsates with an ambition to give the world a life work that shall be marvelous in its scope and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of its structural beauty."

"Woman, you're born to be a miliner."

A Hard Pull.

"Will you please help an old survivor, mum?"

"An old survivor of what?"

"Of the winter of 1912, mum."—Boston Transcript.

A Concrete Understanding.

"I understand that T. A. Edison says that concrete shoes will be all the rage soon."

"Gee! I guess I'll speak to your father right away."—Houston Post.

A Boomerang.

Suitor—if you refuse me I shall never love another.

Suitor—Does that hold good if I accept you?—Pathfinder.

A Wife's Dying Request Fulfilled Over Her Grave

By F. FORTUNE FABRE

Edith Ida Whitmarsh.
Born May 10, 1880.
Died Feb. 25, 1900.

"As your wife?" The voice and the manner bespeak an overpowering wonder.

"And the mother of my child?"

"The mother of your child?"

"Edith was forbidden by me to tell you of our love and marriage. My mother was for a year on the brink of the grave, and for reasons which for the present I will pass over I could not acknowledge a wife so long as she lived. You remember Edith's visit to Washington a year ago last winter and her death there. She died in childbirth."

Like a ray of light struggling through gloom a bit of forgiveness entered Geraldine's soul.

"The child?"

"She is at my home. My mother is dead, and I am now master of the estate. But Edith left her instructions with regard to her little namesake when she should become a year old. This came round last February. Till now I have made no change, but if you are ready to assume the charge"—

"She left the child to me?"

"During her babyhood."

"And then?"

"That can only be determined by circumstances. It is hard for one about to die to make a wise provision for the future. Edith only arranged for a few years."

"But why did she not leave the babe to me from the first?"

"Because at the time my marriage must still be kept a secret. Besides"—

"Well?"

The man looked embarrassed.

"Come; I am impatient. You said, I believe, that Edith left her instructions for the child when it should be a year old?"

"Yes, when Edith would have been dead a year."

"What had that to do with it?"

"A husband may marry again at the end of a year."

"Marry again? If you loved Edith as I loved her—as I love her today—you would never marry another."

"She left her instructions to me to marry at the expiration of the year."

"She did?"

"Yes; conditionally on the consent of the woman of her choice."

"Her choice? You mean your choice."

"They may be one."

"Explain."

"You are the woman she chose to care for her bereaved husband and child."

Geraldine's eyes turned and looked out on vacancy. Then they were lowered to the grave. Tears began to course down her cheeks. The man stood reverently bent.

"Well," she said, mastering her voice, "do you obey her wish?"

"I do."

"Then it only remains for me—to obey. When can I have the child?"

"As soon as you decide to take her."

Then, walking side by side, they left the cemetery.

THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

Description of the Room In Which Chief Executive Works.

The president's office in Washington is an ellipse in plan. A triple bay window forms one end, and at the other end is an open fireplace. Four doors opening inward are equally disposed, two on each side, and are curved to conform with the curve of the wall. The tall windows are hung with heavy curtains and are flanked by bookcases set into the wall. The fireplace is inclosed in fine marble, and fluted Ionic columns support the mantel, on which stands a bell glass covered clock, flanked by candelabra. In the fireplace are complete preparations for a wood fire. Even the paper is placed under the logs, ready to ignite. The style of the room is classic colonial, and the wood-work is painted a creamy white with blue-white embellishment. Each of the four large, ornate door frames is surrounded by a rich pediment. The wall is covered by a warm olive green burlap, which extends up from a paneled wainscot to a wide elaborate molding or entablature of plain plaster.

A flat dome of this virgin plaster surrounds the room and gathers in its shallow, inverted basin the light from the bay window and gives play to every fine and shade of gray. Pendent from the middle is a chandelier of electric candles, and triple groups of the same adorn the wall between the doors and windows.

The furniture of the room is of mahogany, cushioned with green leather. Capacious settees and armchairs line the wall, and several chairs are disposed about the room at random. The floor is of polished hard wood. A large, soft gray rug, in form an ellipse, flows up to the feet of the chairs. Resting on its broad surface, over near the window, is the feature of the room—the president's desk, also his massive revolving chair, made to replace one that was broken down by the executive weight when Mr. Taft first entered office. The desk is simple in its appointments—desk lamp, desk pad, ink pens, stationery rack, a row of books, including the Bible, a small framed portrait and several vases of cut flowers.—National Magazine.

A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay built nest;

Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

—Samuel Rogers.

SAVAGES' TELEGRAPHY.

How Native Africans Transmit News From Village to Village.

The principle of telegraphy would appear to have been anticipated by the savage tribes of Africa in the heart of Africa. This barbaric system of communication, at once practical and effective, survives to this day, and its value has been tested many times.

French explorers seem to have been the first to bring this system to the knowledge of civilized people. By means of it news of important events in the interior of the Sudan reaches all the trading ports on the coast in very short time.

The communication is made by means of various instruments, the most common ones being horns, tom-toms and whistles. The horns are made of solid ivory, hollowed out of elephants' tusks. The mouthpiece is at the side. These trumpets are of various sizes, but the favorite ones are very long and give seven distinct notes, produced by plugging the mouthpiece with corks of different sizes. The ordinary tom-tom is a hollow bit of wood, with a goatskin stretched over one end.

The Basutos, an African tribe, hollow out a large gourd and thoroughly dry it. Then kidskin as hard and as thin as parchment is stretched across the hollow of this gourd. When beaten with a padded drumstick this gives forth a sound that can be distinctly heard at a distance of from five to eight miles.

In every village there is a class of men who are utilized as scouts. Among these there are always some trained to the use of the gourd drum. The code is what might be called an African Morse alphabet and is beaten on the drum in the open air.

The sound is carried across the valleys and glens to the next village, where it is interpreted by another scout. If the message is for a distant village he repeats it on his drum, and in this way it is carried from village to village, with very little loss of time, until it reaches the person for whom it is intended.

You Never Can Tell.

He rocked the boat one summer day.
The boat refused to tip.
He reached old age and passed away.
A victim of the pip.

A fool there was who gazed into
The muzzle of a gun.
His age was then but twenty-two.
He died at eighty-one.

He slated where the ice was weak.
When he was but a lad.
And now he is an aged geek.
And grown men call him "dad."

Of dynamite he had a store.
He placed it by the fire.
But it was twenty years before
He played a golden lyre.

And then there was a careful guy.
Whose ways were wise and prim,
And from a cloudless summer sky
An airship fell on him.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Sunshine For the Solemn

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.



Only Half Wrong.

Senator Williams in an address in Yazoo said of a movement he opposed: "These men try to apologize for their course, but their apology reminds me of that of the Yazoo oilce boy."

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER.

Entered as Second Class Matter
Jan. 12, 1912, at the postoffice
at Salyersville, Ky., under the
act of March 3, 1879.

TERMS.
\$1.00 a year in advance.
.55 six months.
.30 three months.
.10 one month.

Advertising Rates.

10 cents per inch.
First page ads twelve and one-half cents per inch.
Locals 10 cents per line for first insertion. 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Resolutions and funeral notices
5 cents per line.

Resolutions, Cards of Thanks
and Obituaries. 5c per line.

Announcements for County offices, \$5.00 cash in advance.
District announcements, \$10.00

S. S. ELAM, Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Appellate Judge.

The Mountaineer is authorized to announce

JUDGE ANDREW J. KIRK,
of Paintsville, Johnson county, as a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals in this the 7th Appellate District subject to the action of the Republican primary August 3, 1912. This office has never been held by a mountain man. Montgomery county has held this office for over forty-six years. Judge Kirk is well qualified to fill the place, having served as Judge of the 24th Judicial District for two terms, being elected the last time without opposition in the primary or general election. He is a deserving Republican, well qualified to fill the office, is a mountain man and we ask that you give his candidacy due consideration.

THE PRIMARY IS SATURDAY AUGUST 3, 1912.

We are authorized to announce

FRANK BLAIR,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the nomination for clerk of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

L. C. BAILEY,

of Falcon, as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

LOUIS MARSHALL,

of Salyersville as a candidate for the nomination for sheriff of Magoffin county subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

J. J. PACE,

of Conley, as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

PROCTOR PACE,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the office of Jailer of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

W. J. PATRICK,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

DOC G. HOWARD

as a candidate for the office of Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

EDITORIAL.

"Honesty is the best policy" in politics as well as business.

The friends of Judge Kirk are glad to know that Robert H. Winn of Mt. Sterling, has withdrawn his candidacy for the nomination for the Appellate Judge. This leaves Mr. Blaney and Judge Kirk in the race. It seems that Mr. Blaney's reason for asking the people's support is that he has no "job." If we attempt to vote every "jobless" lawyer into a good place we shall have a wonderful lot of voting to do. We believe that the best qualified man should have this position on whether that individual has a job or not.

OUR SCHOOLS.

We hope that every reader will carefully peruse Mr. Picklesimer's article in this week's issue entitled "The Coming Teacher."

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Roosevelt followers claim that the Progressive party is the real Republican party since they are backed by a majority of the legally elected delegates.

Taft's followers claim that they are the only Republican party because the Convention is back of them.

The Mountaineer considers this the most eventful year in the history of the party and one of the most eventful in the history of our country.

As Republicans it behoves us to inform ourselves and to think before we act. We have two divisions of the Republican party, each claiming to hold to the principles of the real party.

One claims to represent the voters, the other claims to represent the party. Roosevelt says that the party gave the nomination to him and that a few men thwarted the wishes of the real party and stole the nomination. The Taft followers are branding Roosevelt's followers as bolters.

Again we warn our readers to do some thinking for themselves. The Mountaineer will give both divisions an opportunity to inform the public what their claims for our support are.

The time is coming that each Republican must decide whom he will follow. That decision should not be arrived at in a haphazard manner.

WILL BLANEY WITHDRAW FROM APPELLATE JUDGE'S RACE

Hon. Robert H. Winn, in a graceful and candid statement has withdrawn from the race for the nomination for Appellate Judge in this district.

This leaves the race, if RACE it can now be termed, between Judge Kirk and Mr. Blaney.

The personnel of the Appellate Court is a matter of supreme importance, and should be of grave concern, to the people of the mountains. Nine-tenths of the cases carried to the Court of Appeals from this district originate in the mountain counties. Nine-tenths of the questions of substantive law presented by this district for settlement by that Court deal with conditions peculiar to the mountain section. We are, so to speak, in a state of transition—passing from a period of apathy to one of activity.

At this stage of development we are, daily, grappling with the difficulty of applying new methods to old conditions. Many of the questions our courts deal with are new, but they must be settled with relation to pre-existing conditions. The people have much at stake. If ever there was a time when they needed a man on the Appellate bench, who understands conditions in the mountains that time is now. Important to the correct settlement of every case is an intelligent grasp of the settings, the surrounding circumstances. No amount of legal erudition, of

technical knowledge in the abstract, will dispense with the necessity of a thorough understanding of the case in all its bearings. Judge Kirk fills all the requirements of an Appellate Judge. He is the character of man and Judge that the people of this district need on that bench at this time. He is a ripe scholar, trained, not only in the practice, but in the disposition of the law. He is clean, honest, fearless and fair. He knows the mountain people as perhaps no other man in the district knows them. He is familiar with their methods, their business and social relations. He is in thorough sympathy and touch with them. His remarkably successful career on the Circuit Court bench has demonstrated his fitness for judicial service. His eminent qualifications for the place have never been, and cannot be, questioned. It is not every man, nor even every good lawyer, that is constituted to make a good Judge. Adaptability to such service can only be proven by trial. Judge Kirk has been tried as a Judge and proven competent. We take no chances on him. We have often thought that it ought to be one of the qualifications required of an Appellate Judge that he shall have served as Judge of some inferior court. And whether this be proper or not it is the rule, subject to few exceptions, that the Appellate Judges are selected from men who have rendered service on the Circuit Court bench. On the other hand while we entertain the kindest feelings and highest regard for Mr. Blaney as a man, it is but just to him and the people of the district to observe that he has had no training for such a position.

TAFT NOMINATED.

(Continued from page 1.) influence sufficient to control the convention and defeat the will of the party as expressed at the primaries.

"We have exhausted every known means to hold off the conspiracy, and to prevent this fraud upon the popular will, but without success.

"We were sent to this convention bearing the most specific instructions to place Theodore Roosevelt in nomination as the candidate for our party for President, and we therefore deem it to be our duty to carry out those instructions in the only practical and feasible way remaining open to us.

"Therefore, be it Resolved, That we, representing the majority of the voters of the Republican party and of the delegates and alternates lawfully elected to the National Republican Convention in compliance with our instructions from the party voters, hereby nominate Theodore Roosevelt as the candidate of our party for the office of President of the United States; and we call upon him to accept such nomination in compliance with the will of the party voters."

DIET AND HEALTH HINTS

By DR. T. J. ALLEN
Food Specialist

INFANT MORTALITY.

At the recent international congress for the consideration of means for lessening infantile mortality, Hon. Nathan Straus, the New York philanthropist, said that nearly half of the infants that die in America are the victims of improper feeding. If it is considered that resistance to disease, in infants as in adults, is dependent primarily upon proper nutrition, in which food is fundamental, the percentage of infantile deaths resulting from other causes than improper feeding, is seen to be comparatively small. If half the effort spent on so-called scientific cooking instruction were devoted to teaching the art of feeding adults and infants naturally the results would be infinitely better.

Copyright, 1912, by Joseph B. Bowles.

There are over 12,000 dairies in London and suburbs.

The well-ventilated barn is quite as essential as the warm one.

A long pedigree will never develop long side pork upon a short pig.

During the last year New York city consumed 51,000,000 pounds of poultry.

Never loosen or throw out any more slugs than you want to feed immediately.

During the winter months sheep should be well protected from storms of all nature.

Roupe can usually be traced to damp quarters, drafts in the poultry house and overcrowding.

Rabbits, mice and other things go to make the rearing of an orchard unpleasant for its owner.

Giant watermelons grow in Diarbekir, Asiatic Turkey. Some of them are as large as a flour barrel.

The majority of mistakes are made in the poultry business in the overlooking of details in management.

Cold rains are much harder on cows than dry cold. Damp cold penetrates to the bones. Provide dry shelter.

Dairy products are now bringing unusually high prices, being above the values usually seen at this time of the year.

A colt that is well summered and grain fed before being weaned in the fall suffers little setback when it is weaned.

Sheep a year old or more commonly gain faster on corn when they have only dry roughage, especially clover or alfalfa.

Better copy the farmer who produces his yields at the lowest cost than the man who produces the largest yields.

As soon as the leaves fall and a few sharp freezes ripen the new wood, we may commence to prune fruit and shade trees.

Pumpkins have been in use for feeding cattle and hogs for many years and are valued very highly in some communities.

The introduction of co-operative testing associations would be a source of education and stimulus to all dairymen and farmers.

The calf is the cow in the making. Feed with that thought in mind. Generous feeding now ensures generous milkings by-and-by.

Variety is of great importance in feeding all live stock for whatever purpose, except it may be the last stages of fattening hogs.

Dairymen realize, perhaps far better than they have ever done before, the value of summer silage in feeding the animals over slim pastures.

All houses and nests should be clean. The eggs should be kept in cool, clean, dry places, and placed there immediately after gathering.

Crushed oyster shells in enormous quantities are imported by Germany from England every year. They are used by the Germans in feeding poultry.

Every ewe in the flock ought to be the producer of a close, uniform, clean coat of wool just as she should be the producer of a lusty, growthy lamb.

A ration for a dairy cow should fulfill the following requirements: It should be balanced, palatable, home grown as near as possible, and finally it should be economical.

A Missouri fruit farmer, whose orchard of 260 acres contained about 10,000 apple trees, sold his crop this season for \$100,000. A storage company bought the fruit on the trees.

When one rides through a dairy section it does not take very much imagination to decide whether the farmers are making money or not. The appearance of their places is sufficient evidence.

The best pig to keep is that which obtains the best sale in the locality, and there is no doubt that the best breed for any individual depends mainly on circumstances, and especially on local tastes.

A close, poorly ventilated stable is one of the most potent agents in the spread of tuberculosis. If our cattle could be kept out in the open every day in the year, we would have very little tuberculosis in our herds.

Cottonseed may be fed to steers with good results, although the usual practice now is to feed the cottonseed meal remaining after the oil has been extracted in the mills. The cottonseed has a pronounced laxative effect if fed heavily.

Grapes are pruned in the fall; usually a half to two-thirds of the new growth is taken off—depending on the system of training that is used—and in northern states the plants are laid on the ground and covered with earth in much the same way as raspberries.

A Standard Endowment Policy issued by the Equitable Life Assurance Society is better than a GOVERNMENT BOND.

Why?

Because it is practically as safe, and is in other respects superior.

1. It costs less.
2. It is paid for in moderate installments.
3. The investment is INSURED. That is to say, if the investor dies the unpaid installments are CANCELED, and the Society pays the insurance money in full at once.

SHELBY S. ELAM, Local Agent,

Salyersville, Ky.

COUPON.

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY,

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Please send me your Booklet entitled "BETTER THAN A GOVERNMENT BOND," and oblige.

Name.....

Address.....

Date..... 1912.

Real Estate of all kinds

Bought and sold by S. S. ELAM,
SALYERSVILLE, KY.

IMMENSE POWER OF WEALTH

ingenious Writer Shows What World's Six Richest Men Could Do If They Combined.

In the Strand Magazine appears a unique article with the title, "What Six Rich Men Could Do." The author is taken as the world's six richest men: John D. Rockefeller, Pierpont Morgan, Astor, Lord Strathcona, Andrew Carnegie and Lord Rothschild. He calculates that between them they own \$50,000,000,000. What might they do with such a sum if they combined forces? What things could they not achieve with \$5,000,000,000? Suppose they were aggressive and inclined to wage war. They could put 1,000,000 men in the field and maintain them for ten years, perhaps for twenty. The American Revolutionary war cost \$700,000,000. The wars with Napoleon from 1790 to 1815 cost Great Britain \$3,250,000,000. The Crimean war cost \$150,000,000 for two years. The South African war cost England \$1,250,000,000. The rich sextet could have borne the costliest of those wars and had a good sum over.

If they turned their attention to the sea they could with half their capital build a fleet that would be unique, overpowering, irresistible. The biggest fleet in the world—that of Great Britain—could probably be duplicated for \$1,000,000,000. Again these invisible six could give \$100 each to every man, woman and child in the British Isles. They could buy all the automobiles in the world and then have enough left over to purchase the Panama and Suez canals, and after that sufficient to buy up British shipping. These are a few of the startling things these six elderly gentlemen could do with their combined wealth if they only possessed the requisite audacity, imagination and agreement.

His Own Idea.

Walter Wyman, surgeon general of the United States public health service, was at one time visited by the then principal representative of Tammany in congress. While waiting for some papers to be brought to his desk relative to the subject of the congressman's visit, the surgeon general sought to draw his visitor's attention to the importance and effectiveness of the public health work of the service by handing him a rather large bound volume containing public health reports for the year just ended. Upon the arrival of the expected papers, Dr. Wyman turned again to his visitor, naturally expecting some encouraging comment. To his surprise he found the representative of America's foremost commonwealth balancing the unopened volume upon his palm. Meeting the interrogative glance of the surgeon general, he solemnly remarked: "Great cott, general! If you dropped that on a man it would kill him, wouldn't it?"

In proof of his faith in the good quality of American music Mr. Bispham makes it a rule to devote a portion of each of his programs to the work of American composers. While all of his audience may not agree with him that these songs equal the best of the foreign works, it certainly should be an inspiration to American composers to have so excellent an artist place such faith in them and prove his faith by giving their works the benefit of his renditions. Mr. Bispham laments the prevalence of ragtime, and urges his audiences to lend all their influence toward its abolition. To him music is worthless unless taken with sufficient seriousness to express a lofty, or at least an intelligent, idea.

Mountain in the Sky.

Probably few persons are aware that somewhere, many miles away from this earth, an enormous mountain twenty miles high is flying through space. This mountain is known astronomically as the planet Eros.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.
GOVERNOR
JAMES B. M'CREARY.
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR
EDWARD J. M'DERMOTT.
STATE TREASURER
THOMAS G. RHEA.
AUDITOR
HENRY BOSWORTH.
SECRETARY OF STATE
C. F. CRECELUS.
SUPT. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION
BARKSDALE HAMLETT.
ATTORNEY GENERAL
JAMES GARNETT.
COMM'R OF AGRICULTURE
J. W. NEWMAN.
CLERK COURT OF APPEALS
R. L. GREEN.
UNITED STATES SENATORS
W. O. BRADLEY.
OLLIE M. JAMES.
REPRESENTATIVE
JOHN W. LANGLEY.

Circuit Court: First Monday in February, June and October. D. W. Gardner, Judge; W. H. May, Com'th Attorney; A. H. Adams, Clerk; J. G. Arnett, Trustee of Jury Fund; W. P. Carpenter, Master Commissioner.

County Court: On Fourth Monday in each Month.

Quarterly Court: Tuesday and Wednesday after Fourth Monday in each Month.

Fiscal Court: Tuesday after First Monday in April and October.

R. C. Salyer,
Presiding Judge.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
Judge—R. C. Salyer.
Attorney—W. R. Prater.
Sheriff—Robert Reed.
Treasurer—B. W. Higgins.
Circuit Clerk—A. H. Adams.
County Clerk—F. C. Lacy.
Supt. Schools—Martha B. Arnett.
Jailor—Henry Brown.
Assessor—Willie Keeton.
Coroner—Dr. W. C. Connelley.
Surveyor—C. C. Craft.
Fish and Game Warden—Dr. R. C. Adams.

MAGISTRATE'S COURT.
First District—Shepherd Cole, 1st Monday in each month at Salyersville, on Tuesday following at Middle Fork.

Second District—L. C. Bailey, 1st Saturday in each month.

Third District—Sunny Vancouver, 2nd Monday of each month.

Fourth District—Ira C. Bailey, Tuesday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Fifth District—Wallace Cole, 3rd Monday in each month.

Salyersville Police Court—Sec'd Monday in each month, James Frater, Judge.

S. H. Mann, Town Marshal.
Town Trustee—E. B. Arnett, Chairman.

W. J. Patrick. Dr. E. H. Atkinson, Fred Prater and W. A. Hazelrigg.

LODGE DIRECTORY.
F. & A. M. Friday night on or before full moon in each month.
I. O. O. F. Every Saturday night.

K. O. T. M. Second and fourth Monday nights of each month.

I. O. R. M. First and third Thursday nights of each month.

CHURCH BELLS.
United Baptists, First Saturday and following Sunday of each month. Jno. R. Caudill, pastor.

Missionary Baptist, Sunday School at 9:30 a. m., preaching at 11 o'clock at Magoffin Institute. Prayer meeting on every Wednesday night. H. L. S. Toomer, pastor, A. C. Harlow, Supt. S. S.

M. E. Church, Sunday School at 9:00 o'clock, preaching on 2nd Sunday at 11 o'clock and every Sunday night of each month.

E. H. Atkeson, Supt of S. S.

Union Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:1 at the School House. E. B. Arnett, Supt.

County Board of Education.
Morton Salyer, Division 1.

Burnett Howard, " 2.
W. S. Wheeler, " 3.
Scott Howard, " 4.
B. S. Patrick, " 5.
Bruce Stephens, " 6.
Martha Arnett Smith, Superintendent, Chairman ex-officio.

Republican Committee.

The following were selected as Committeemen for Magoffin county last Saturday:

Floyd Bailey, Salyersville.
J. W. Wheeler, Flat Fork.

Willie Caudill, State Road.

Lloyd Adams, Ivyton.

Lee Patrick, Meadows.

Franklin Patton, Lakeville.

Henry M. Dunn, Middle Fork.

Lee Bays, Bloomington.

There was no meetings held in 4 precincts.

If you die, get married, leave the county, get sick or do anything that is of interest to the public call us up, PHONE 21, or write us.

JURY COMMISSIONERS.

Jesse Borders, Les Higgins, and N. P. Salyer, appointed by Judge Gardner at the June term of Court, will be responsible for the juries for the next twelve months.

LOCAL NEWS.

It pays to advertise.

Noah Patrick, of Bloomington, was in town Tuesday on business.

Roberta, little daughter of S. S. Elam, is suffering very much with tonsilitis.

Judge D. W. Gardner is attending the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore this week.

Do you want the best coffee in the county? See Alonzo Keeton. He has other things just as good.

If your paper fails to come remember that you have possibly failed to fulfill your part of the contract.

Dr. J. S. Cisco and J. F. Prater are each erecting residence which will soon be ready for occupancy.

Any one who wants reliable watch repairing and photography call at Flint's Art Gallery, Salyersville, Ky.

We can save you money on typewriter paper and stationery of all kinds. Call at the Mountaineer office and get prices.

Give Alonzo Keeton, the corner groceryman, your subscription to the Mountaineer if you do not have time to come to our office.

PREACHING.

R. E. Neal, of Grayson, will preach here Sunday morning and evening, June 30th. Everybody invited.

W. S. Flint and family returned home Tuesday from Ashland, Ironton and Paintsville, where they have been visiting relatives the past ten days.

Some of our correspondents must get their letters in earlier if they expect them published. Don't expect us to send you the paper unless you give us the news from your neighborhood.

Elam Centennial Meeting.

All of Jeremiah Elam's descendants are urged to attend the memorial services to be held at his grave at the old Bethany church in Morgan county on the second Sunday in September, this being the 100th year since his birth. Rev. John Bays and others will conduct the services.

Burnett Howard, " 2.
Bring us potatoes, peas and other vegetables on subscription.

The Democratic National Convention is now in session at Baltimore, Md. The first battle has been fought in electing a chairman. Judge Alton B. Parker was elected over W. J. Bryan by a majority of 73. The convention promises to be a warm one. It is thought at this time that only two names will be presented for nomination—Clark and Wilson.

Auction Sale.

On account of going out of business my entire stock consisting of about \$2,500 worth of general merchandise, including a good line of hardware, queensware, ladies hats, clothing, dry goods, notions, sashes, groceries, etc., will be sold at auction every Saturday at 1 p. m., until entire stock is sold. First auction sale June 15. Great bargains at private sale. Also one mare and colt and two good cows.

JAMES DEEM, Lakeville, Ky.

Mountaineer \$1 a year.

The following were granted certificates by the Board of Examiners for the June examination:

FIRST CLASS.

Bernard Whitt, Callie Mann, Silas Fletcher, Una Howes, Curtis J. Reed, Cecil W. Perkins.

SECOND CLASS.

Carrie May, Claude Hood, Marion Morris, Emzey Lykins, Henry Lyon, Myrtle Reed, Martha B. Holbrook, Bertha Wheeler, J. M. Risner.

THIRD CLASS.

Claud Arnett. There were seven failures.

OUR GUARANTEE.

We guarantee to refund your money if this paper ceases to be published.

THE EDITOR.

WILL BLAKEY WITHDRAW.

(Con't from page 2.)

He is inexperienced and untried in that field of labor. He might make an excellent Judge. He might not. His contention that he ought to be nominated and elected because Judge Kirk has a "job" and he has none, is not, in our humble judgment, a proper platform upon which to make a race for the office of Judge of the Court of Appeals with its grave responsibilities, and requiring, as it does, the highest order of intellect and long technical training. It is not the character of office that is usually bestowed merely for the purpose of furnishing employment. Such considerations should, we think, have no influence in deciding this race. The test, and the only test, should be "who BEST can serve" the people of the State in that high position.

That the preference of the people of the district is Judge Kirk is, we think, obvious to every dispassionate and disinterested observer. In truth, Mr. Blakey's last published letter to Judge Kirk is, in effect, an admission of impending defeat. Then, why the worry, the turmoil, the expense of a race, the result of which is already apparent.

Mr. Blakey has the opportunity of setting a wholesome example and proving his loyalty as a party man, which he claims to be, by gracefully bowing to the evident will of the majority of the Republicans of the district, now, and thus obviating the necessity of a race (which is plain can have but one result) solidifying the party in the district, and making unanimous the selection of the candidate that the people of the district prefer.

Start With Very Best. A strain of prize-winning fowls may be brought up from foundation stock of only fair quality. But it is time wasted in trying to do it. It is more satisfactory and more certain and takes less time by starting with the very best the poultry raiser can afford.

Progressive Club Organized.

Disgusted with the methods employed to nominate Taft for President at Chicago, a number of Louisville men returned home Sunday morning and proceeded to organize the First, Second and third Ward Teddy Roosevelt Progressive Club, members of whom before the convention had endorsed for Taft. Though organized on short notice there were sixteen charter members, and at the next meeting of the club it is expected that the membership will be increased to 100, and that many more former Taft men will be enrolled. —Evening Post.

ALONZO KEETON,

The Corner Groceryman.

Home of Good Thing to Eat.

Phone No. 18.

Our Prices Always Leave a Little Over For Other Things.

We keep FRESH Baker's Bread and FRESH Fruits.

SODA FOUNTAIN AND ICE CREAM IN CONNECTION.

We guarantee a square deal to all.

GEO. CARPENTER, President.

L. E. STEPHENS, Cashier

A. T. PATRICK, Vice-President.

W. R. MAY, Asst. Cashier

THE SALYERSVILLE NATIONAL BANK,

Salyersville, Kentucky.

CAPITAL, \$ 25,000.00

SURPLUS, 9,000.00

UNDIVIDED PROFITS, 1,500 00

United States Depository.

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LIKING VALLEY COURIER.

A Lusty Youngster Turning Two.

Its politics "Progressive Democracy."

Its religion "The Golden Rule."

Has ideas of its own and plenty of words to express them.

Strikes straight from the shoulder with either hand. Caters to no whims nor idiosyncrasies. Something crisp and catchy on the editorial page each week.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

H. G. COTTLE, Editor. West Liberty, Ky.

State Normal A Training School for Teachers.

COURSES: Preparatory, State Certificate, Life Diploma, County Certificate, Review, Special.

TUITION FREE TO APPOINTEES.

Expenses Very Low. Ask About it. Artistic Catalogue Free.

Address J. G. CRABBE, President, Richmond, Ky.

LOTS! LOTS!! LOTS!!!

LOTS OF LOTS.

Lots that are low.

Lots that are high.

Lots that are wet.

Lots that are dry.

Lots close to the Court House.

Lots close to Magoffin Institute.

If you want to buy or sell any of the above call on S. S. Elam.

SALYERSVILLE BOOSTERS.

If you must be operated on go to Kash's Sanitarium.

If you need an attorney or a physician see our professional column.

If you have money deposit it in the Salyersville National Bank.

If you get hungry go to the Prater House.

If you have the "toofake" see Dr. E. H. Atkinson.

If you want an insurance policy or a newspaper call on the MOUNTAINEER.

If you want to leave Kentucky let us know. We'll send you to Florida.

If you want fresh fruit, ice cream or groceries see Alonzo Keeton, the Corner Groceryman.

Mountaineer, \$1 per year.

IF

You

Have a farm, timbered or mineral lands, or town lots for sale or exchange,

WE

shall be glad to list your property



SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN

Novelized by FREDERICK R. TOOMBS
From Channing Pollock's Great Play of
the Same Name

Copyright, 1909, by Channing Pollock

PROLOGUE OF THE STORY.

Myrra, commander of the Bosnian army, starts a revolution against the kingdoms of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The young queen, Anna Victoria, ruler of the latter country, although beloved by her people, is forced to resort to flight. She is accompanied by the prime minister, Baron Cosca. The queen commands that they take the next steamer to America. On the boat she becomes acquainted with Robert Trainor, New York manager of the firm of Laumann & Son, beef packers of Chicago. In New York the queen finds hotel life expensive and on Trainor's advice moves to an apartment house. Mary Horrigan is engaged as a servant. To reduce cost of living it is later decided to let Mary go, which proves a vexatious problem. Trainor learns from the queen of her betrothal to Stephen IV, of Bosnia. Adolph Laumann, head of Laumann & Son, and his daughter visit the queen. Laumann speaks of his plans to "buy" a noble for his daughter, much to her embarrassment.

The King Arrives.
YOU just pick out your duke or your earl," says 1," continues Laumann, "and there won't be no questions of what he costs."

The entry of the queen put a stop to the previous conversation. She wore a gorgeous ermine-trimmed robe which hung from her shoulders ungracefully to the floor.

They all rose. "I bid you welcome," said Anna Victoria graciously.

Trainor presented the Laumanns to the queen. The queen extended her hand to Elisabeth to be kissed, but the American girl, not understanding the gesture, grasped the hand and shook it warmly.

Elisabeth obtained Anna Victoria's acceptance to an invitation to drive the following day or two.

Trainor spoke bluntly to Laumann.

"I'm going to ask a favor. I want you to make a place for the young lady."

Laumann was aghast. He stared.

"A place for—you?"

"Yes; a job," answered the queen abruptly.

"What can you do?"

"I can shoot and ride and fence."

"No good in the beef business."

"Fraulein speaks several languages," suggested Trainor.

"I speak English, Servian, French, German and a little Italian," the girl said eagerly.

"Good!" agreed Laumann. "You can come to the office Monday."

Mary, the cook, burst into the room carrying a box and valise.

"Goodby," remarked Anna Victoria. Mary's eyes flashed fire.

"My cookbook's on th' tub and there's a restaurant around the corner," she hurried at the queen as she departed. As the discharged culinary artist was walking down the hall she was heard to call out, "You can't go in there."

A man's voice with a foreign accent was heard in reply. The voice had a startling effect on the queen. She sprang forward, with parted lips, and clasping her hands nervously, she stared at the door.

The tones of the man's voice came out clearly and strongly:

"Stay me not, woman! I am the—"

"The king! Stephen IV, of Bosnia!" exclaimed Anna Victoria.

The occupants of the room stood expectantly as a figure appeared in the



"My cookbook's on th' tub."

doorway, and Stephen, the deposed monarch of Bosnia, strode swiftly in. About twenty-six years of age, fair-haired and blue-eyed, as was Anna Victoria, he had a handsome, but rather weak face. His dress was civilian and of foreign cut and style. He stopped short on coming face to face with the queen. Cosca dropped on his knee and kissed his majesty's hand.

It was the king who broke the silence.

"I—I crave your pardon," brokenly to the queen.

"You are most welcome, sire," was her reply, with utmost formality. She extended her hand. The king bent and

kissed it. "I am unhappy only in the reason of your coming," she added sadly. She turned to her guests and said, "The king."

Trainor and Elisabeth bowed. Laumann took a newspaper from his pocket. He looked at a picture, then at the king's face. He approached his majesty with outstretched hand.

"Glad to meet you!" he cried.

"Here's your picture in the paper. The story, running half across the page, says, 'King of Bosnia Detained as a Pauper.'"

"Infamous!" snapped the baron.

"Pauper!" ejaculated Anna Victoria, covering her face with her hands.

But Stephen IV, smiled amiably.

"Most of my money was used as a bribe at the frontier," he explained. I was obliged to travel third class. That is why no one was notified of my coming."

Laumann approached the king, speaking in a confidential tone. "If a little loan, say fifty?"

"No!" was the stern reply.

"Perhaps you'd rather get work?" Laumann took out one of his business cards.

"Sir?"

The beef packer, offended, took his daughter on his arm and hurried away after bidding a fond goodby to Anna Victoria. Trainor also prepared to depart.

The fugitive king accompanied Trainor and the baron to the door, and the queen stood looking at him admiringly. She found it pleasant to meet one of her European neighbors after a trying exile in a foreign land. When the king turned back their eyes met. The betrothed couple, subject to a marriage contract made for them by others purely for political purposes, were visibly embarrassed as they realized that they were alone.

"I must cook dinner," remarked the girl, crossing the kitchen and taking a frying pan from a hook. At her request Stephen seated himself at the common wooden table.

"Where did you learn to cook?"

The queen picked up Mary's cookbook from the tub. "One has only to read this book to learn all about cooking," she informed the king proudly.

The dinner hardly proved a success from a kingly viewpoint. Stephen IV, however, managed to avoid injuring his fellow royal exile's feelings by dexterously dropping into a wastebasket the major portion of the chops and the potatoes (and potato skins) the girl queen prepared for him. The potatoes wrought havoc with her majesty's scepter, which she was forced to utilize as a masher, in lieu of something better.

"That you are here proves that you got the baron's message," spoke the queen.

"Yes; at the hotel I learned your new address."

Stephen watched her closely as she endeavored to masticate some mashed potatoes (and mashed skins).

"In Bosnia this being alone together would create a scandal," he smiled. "There is little opportunity for love-making at court."

"It is much nicer in America. A man likes a girl, and—that is all there is to it. If we had been just ordinary persons we might have fallen in love with each other."

Stephen grew cynical.

"As it is we are only going to be married," timidly.

"Geographically we ought to be allies."

"I hate being married for purposes of geography!" she protested.

Stephen grew very serious. "I am no longer a real king. And if there are no kingdoms to unite there is no longer any reason for our betrothal. While I ruled I could not look at a pretty girl without fear of upsetting Europe. Now—"

"Now?" spiritedly she questioned him.

"Perhaps you will not be obliged to marry for purposes of geography." At the hotel I found a cable from the Duke of Ravenna. June 1st he will attach Serajevo, which Myrra, the traitor, has made his headquarters. If the duke fails—Stephen threw a kiss from his finger tips—"adieu to my crown then. The chances are even. Let us wait until a month from today. If I have heard nothing favorable by then you may count yourself entirely free."

Stephen rose and extended his hand. The queen likewise stood, and she grasped his hand across the table.

A door slammed. Baron Cosca strode in.

"Sire"—he bowed to the king—"I have found lodgings for both of us."

"We will go at once. Farewell until tomorrow," saluted the king as the baron led the way. He bowed very low, and she was left alone.

Anna Victoria stood silent. The curtain rattled and started her from her reverie. Evening had fallen and darkness swiftly came.

Frightened and longing for a companion, an idea occurred to her. She went to the cupboard and took from on top of it the cage containing her canary bird.

"We will keep each other company," she whispered.

She struck a match, and climbing up on a chair, she lighted the gas.

She Struck a Match.

Fashion and Care of the Home

Picture Hat For Summer Girl



This charming bonnet, which is one of the season's revivals of the fashions of our grandmothers, is of taffeta. The inside of the brim is faced with delicately flowered silk in pastel shades. The turned back brim, with its cluster of flowers at the side, is a coquettish touch to this modish and becoming bit of millinery.

SYSTEM IN HOUSEKEEPING.

Economy and Peace of Mind Reward of Being Practical.

Haphazard buying of supplies, especially for the table, represents one of the most unbusinesslike phases of housekeeping. The practical housekeeper—the business one—does not live from hand to mouth, running to the store at the last minute for a bit of this or a can of that. Twenty-four hours ahead at least and often days in advance account of stock in the refrigerator, in the vegetable closets, in the storeroom, is taken, so that the exact supply on hand is known. Then she is ready for the making out of her menus.

How easily can the housewife turn to suggestions for her meals? In a well-organized business the necessary information regarding materials is catalogued, placed in files or in drawers of desks, the essential point being to get at them quickly. Menus as suggestions for the housewife may be put in envelopes, labeled and placed in a convenient box or drawer.

A few principles should guide the housewife in her buying. She should know the right allowance for her family. She should aim to be as thoroughly proficient regarding quality as possible.

She ought to know the nutritive values of food. Buying and menu making are so closely related that the one who buys according to food values is the best menu maker. She will know a properly balanced meal, some of the foods that substitute meat, etc.

Much depends on the care taken to store goods properly. Use glass jars where it is possible.

The good housekeeper knows from experience how far her stock will go, how long the supplies will last, concludes Miss Emma H. Gunther of the Columbia university department of household administration. Hers cannot be guess work; it is as defined and outlined as the head of an industry. It is her business to lessen waste—waste of materials, waste due to ignorance in buying, waste because of improper storage, wastes due to crude methods of handling the whole problem—in truth, wastes due to the fact that she is unbusinesslike.

A QUICK RECOVERY.



Chicago Record-Herald.

COMFORTABLE GUEST ROOM.

Suggestions of Value as to Requirements of Such a Chamber.

The first thing to do is to go into your guest room and make an inventory of its present possessions. Then make another inventory of things it ought to contain—not so much to beautify it as to make it a comfortable, hospitable room. I wager that nine out of every ten women will be appalled at the articles lacking, says the writer in the *Pictorial Review*.

If the paper is spotted, torn and faded nothing new or old will look well in the room, so you must repaper. Select ordinary cheesecloth for sash curtains and run them on little brass rods. If you are willing to spend a little more time on the curtains stencil some attractive design or applique some cretonne flowers on the corners.

A few necessary articles for the dresser should be found, such as hairpins, shoe buttoner and such small trifles, but comb, brush and hand mirror will cost a little more. If you cannot afford a half dozen extra quality guest towels the next best thing to do is to take six from the general household number and put them in the wash stand of the guest room. This will prevent their being used for rougher purposes and prevent their getting stained, as many towels are apt to do.

Scrape up the furniture. Varnish, paint or polish it, as the case may be. If one arm is off the rocking chair take the other one off and rivet the back firmly on to the seat. Then polish it up. If the upholstery is gaping in another chair cover it yourself and be sure you have a small table by the head of the bed. For the bedside table you must have a candle and candlestick and a box of matches. Don't put a broken bowl on the wash stand to hold the soap, but get a soap dish and incidentally put a piece of soap in it.

You will need penholder and ink for the desk, and when you get home be sure to put in a few sheets of writing paper and envelopes. Two or three postals are always a great convenience too. Get a whisk broom and hang it in a convenient place and leave it there. Buy something to put combings in. Another thing—don't forget to put a clock in the room for your guest.

Having finished fitting up your guest room comfortably, keep it in order. Have the bed always made up, the room dusted, pins in the pin cushion, hairpins on the bureau and a cotton crimp kimono on the closet door. Be ready for your guests when they drop in unexpectedly, for that is true hospitality.

NET, a lace veil or rows of insertion combined with ribbon can be used to make an attractive little breakfast cap as a gift or as an accessory to the summer wardrobe.

FANCIES OF THE SEASON.

SMALL covered buttons of plain red and a belt of red leather give a delightful touch of color to a white costume.

THE cutaway jacket fastens with one button.

THE thinner the material the more fullness is allowed.

QUAINT little bonnets of straw faced with plaited silk or lace and flower trimmings are the favorite headgear for the small children.

NET, a lace veil or rows of insertion combined with ribbon can be used to make an attractive little breakfast cap as a gift or as an accessory to the summer wardrobe.

HOW TO BROIL A STEAK.

In an article on "The Appetizing Beefsteak" in the *Woman's Home Companion* is the following general advice about steaks:

The underlying principle which governs good broiling is this: One side of the meat must be quickly seared. The meat must be turned and the other side quickly seared. This prevents the escape of any of the juices. Turn almost constantly for the first minute of the cooking; then the meat must be cooked on one side, turned, and cooked on the other, to suit individual taste.

A Recipe For Fried Rice.

Boil the rice in milk instead of water and season with sugar, salt and a few drops of lemon juice. Mold as you would ordinary mush. When cold cut into slices about three-quarters of an inch thick, then roll in beaten eggs to which a little water has been added, then in crumbs. Brown in deep hot fat.

ELEPHANTS LIKE ORANGES.

Which Fact Recalls a Story and Suggests Beasts Have Sense of Humor.

If there is anything in the world that an elephant loves better than a peanut it is an orange. A number of years ago in a book which was called "Leaves From the Life of a Special Correspondent" Mr. O'Shea, the author of the book, gave the following description of an adventure he had with a herd of elephants. Said he:

"A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants, and I took him along with me, having first borrowed an apron and filled it with oranges. This he was to carry while accompanying me in the stable, but the moment we reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting—they had scented the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents and scuttled off like a scared rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found that I had twenty-five. I walked deliberately along the line, giving one to each. When I got to the extremity of the narrow stable I turned and was about to begin the distribution again, when I suddenly reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8 he might imagine that he was being cheated and give me a smack with his trunk—that is where the elephant falls short of the human being—so I went to the door and began at the beginning as before. Thrice I went along the line, and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left, and I had to get back to the door. Every elephant in the herd had his eye focused on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any one of them. What was I to do? I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it and ate it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing."

A Couch For Dolly.

Charming couches for the doll's house can be made of simple blocks of wood. The block should be about twice as long as it is wide and about one-third as high as it is long. Cut a piece of thick material to fit the top. Cloth, old carpet or flannel will do. Then cover the couch with any sort of material that you like. Chintz is very pretty, and any plain denim or other material will do. You do not have to fasten it. All that is necessary is to drape it nicely over the ends of the couch so that the wood is covered. Pillows for the couch can be made of bits of silk or velvet. Put a little piece of cotton inside to make them puff.

When "Torpedo Jim" Left No Trace Behind Him

By AUGUST M. CROSS

IT was a clear, crisp morning when "Torpedo Jim" drove up to the house and waited for Annie to come out. The buggy was of a peculiar build, and a stranger would have wondered at the high springs and elevated box.

Even to one unfamiliar with the sights of the oil regions there would have been carried intuitively a suggestion of dread from the very appearance of the carriage, but to those who knew and appreciated the character of the torpedo business there was a feeling of pity mingled with admiration for the reckless "shooter" who traveled the rough mountainous roads daily with scores of quarts of nitroglycerine beneath him.

When Jim, in high boots, blue flannel shirt and a soft hat with the wide rim turned back, drove rapidly through the town, people would stop and look carefully after him and then pass along about their business again with the satisfactory reflection that they could say at least that they had seen him "the day it happened."

Annie came down to the gate and there was a sad expression about her sweet, womanly face, and she was trying to be brave about it, but it was hard to keep the tears back, for the recollection of the talk with Jim the night before and the realization of the long journey away into another country and strange home about to be undertaken was strong upon her.

Jim was the first to speak, and his words came with unusual clearness. "I've been thinking it all over, Annie," he said, looking down at the twitching face, "and I know you were right. You were all right from first to last, and I'm all wrong. And I'm glad you're going away—away from these talking people, who seem to have no mercy in their hearts for a fellow who's done wrong, even if he does try to live it down, and I have tried, Annie, tried so hard. But you know all about that. It's an old story."

"And then this business"—he made a careless gesture toward the carriage—"you couldn't stand that, and I don't blame you. Every one would be telling you that I would be killed, and all that, until you get all nervous and worried, though I don't see what ails people anyhow. It's not their business."

There was a long silence. Plainly Jim had something else to say.

"Annie"—he reached down and took her hand in a farewell grasp—"if you

should meet, away out there in California, a fellow with a different name from mine, who loved you as I do, who was leading a straight-up life, and not in the glycerine business—and one who had no past, but was just beginning, do you think you could marry him and settle down there?"

The eyes which greeted him, half inquisitively, half sad, were quickly lowered.

"Oh, Jim!" she said.

One July day a few weeks afterward a party of oil well drillers had finished a well which was voted a fair producer and one which would be improved by a heavy "shot" of nitroglycerine in the oil rock, and work about the derrick was suspended until the arrival of "Torpedo Jim" with the explosive.

Away down the road Jim was driving slowly along in deep study. He stopped at a bend in the wild, unframed highway and took a long survey of the surroundings.

"The Fourth's a good day to do it, too," Jim muttered.

He got down from his seat and went up to the horses, patting them lovingly, for he was attached to the pair of faithful grays, and with tears in his eyes he said, speaking to them as though they were human:

"Goodby, Prince, old fellow—and Beau, faithful always in the past, faithful now. Our ends will be sudden, at least, and they will all say, 'I told you so!' but we won't hear them."

He ran to the rear of the wagon and hastily unlocked the lid, disclosing a half dozen bright tin cans. Carefully removing the cork from one of the cans, he inserted a fuse, took a careful glance up and down the road to be sure no one was in the neighborhood, struck a match and, taking up a bundle, disappeared into the woods.

The day after the Fourth of July the papers all had long accounts of the "terrible catastrophe," with sketches made by special artists "on the spot." Great crowds of curious people drove to the scene and looked vacantly at the hole in the ground, which was the only evidence of the sudden ending of the life of "Torpedo Jim."

"I had a sort of presentiment when I saw Jim go past my shop today," said one man to another.

"Poor Jim!" said another. "He had faults, same as the rest of us, but he had a heart—he had a heart! Poor old Jim!"

Religious Work

While the state of Nebraska prides itself on holding the first rank of all commonwealths in its small per cent of illiteracy and the magnificent growth of its public school system, it has been discovered that church building and church attendance have not kept pace with educational growth. Furthermore, it develops that in the communities where church attendance is practically nil, the women, who are credited with being the backbone of religious effort in the state, are nearly in complete control of educational work. In three of the western counties, where the county superintendents of schools are women and every teacher is a woman, there is but one church to the county, and one of these is merely a Mormon mission.

The investigation further discloses that there are many places in the state where there is no church or any other religious institution for miles and miles, although schoolhouses dot the prairies in ample number to accommodate the sparsely settled communities.

Professor George E. Condra of the University of Nebraska, who is aiding the inquiry, says he knows from personal visits of whole townships where children have grown up without ever having seen a church or Sunday school, but who at the same time are not lacking in common school education. The men and religion movement is finding some interesting facts in regard to conditions that were never dreamed of existed in the state.

The home missionary boards are making a survey of the state of affairs to find out how extensive these conditions are. They find that Nebraska is not alone. In the state of Colorado it has been found there are 133 towns with a population of from 150 to 1,000 having no Protestant church whatsoever. Of this number 100 are without a Catholic church. There are 428 towns with a post office, but no house of worship.

Secretary Wilson in summing up his investigation said: "We find the greatest problem presented to the church today is how to distribute equally the churches in all sections of the state. While there is almost a total lack of places of worship in western Nebraska, towns and cities farther east are overcrowded with them. The recommendations of our rural church commission are being prepared and will be submitted to our national conservation congress."

Church Facts in America.

Seventy-five north American cities, with a combined population of 20,000,000, have been "surveyed" during the past winter by the men and religion forward movement. About 1,000 questions were addressed to the local committees having charge of the surveys in each of the cities, covering—among other things—the following subjects: the population, municipal administration, social influence, industrial life, the saloon, dance halls, crimes and arrests, housing, health, political life, social agencies, public schools, libraries, recreational life, juvenile delinquency, and the general condition among the churches in these cities.

Of the churches in these cities, 77.7 per cent are designated as Protestant, 11.3 per cent as Catholic, 4 per cent Jewish, and 7 per cent consist of other denominations. The membership in all Protestant churches consists of 30.7 per cent of men, 54 per cent of women, 6.2 per cent of boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen and 9.1 per cent of girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen. It is a striking fact that only 5.1 per cent of the boys in the Sunday schools in these cities are members of the church, although, during the past ten years, the number of men and boys uniting with the Protestant churches has increased 2.5 per cent, there being a steady gain in this respect from year to year.

Sixty-five per cent of those who attend the Sunday morning services in the Protestant churches are women, and the morning attendance at all the churches is 65 per cent of the total attendance of the day. More people united with the church at the age of fourteen than at any other time, and there is a sharp decline in church accession after twenty-one. Forty-one per cent of the churches have organized movements to greet strangers. Forty-eight per cent have missionary committees and 42 per cent have mission study classes. In fully one-third of the churches practically every member contributed regularly to missions, and 42 per cent of all the churches have weekly offerings for missionary purposes.

However, 73 per cent of all the contributions of the Protestant churches in these seventy-five cities for the last fiscal year was used for congregational expenses, 7.4 per cent of the total was used for denominational home mission purposes and 7.7 per cent for denominational foreign missions. Of the total contributions of the churches for all purposes 52.5 per cent was given by the congregations themselves, 9.9 per cent by the Sunday schools, 18.2 per cent by women's organizations, 1.4 per cent by men's organizations, 3 per cent by the young people's societies and 15 per cent by individuals, presumably in large personal gifts. During the past ten years five-tenths of 1 per cent of the men in the churches actually went out from the churches as missionaries either in the United States or in foreign countries, and two-tenths of 1 per cent of the men in the churches today intend to become missionaries.

The Children's Part of the Paper

Baby Camel In the London Zoo

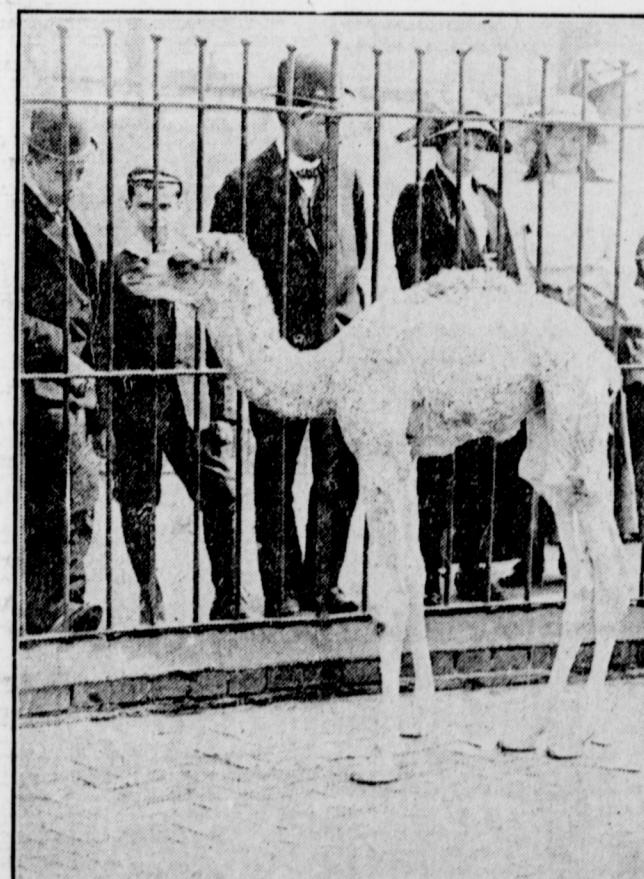


Photo by American Press Association.

This baby camel or dromedary was born in the London zoo and was six years old when it had its picture taken. If it grows up to be as big as its mother it will be an animal that can travel fast and far without getting tired. It will go at the rate of nine miles an hour for many hours without rest or food. The ordinary gait of the dromedary, or one humped camel, is a trot. If forced to gallop it soon gives up.

A LIVELY GAME.

To play the railroad game each child is given the name of some part of the railroad or some railroad employee or traveler. Thus one child becomes the rails, another the car, another the conductor, another the locomotive, etc. Some one, usually an older person, then tells an impromptu story, bringing in all these things and characters. As each player hears his fictitious name mentioned he must rise and imitate the thing or character he is named for.

Thus the rail stretches out his arms as far as possible in front of him, the locomotive puffs, the conductor pulls the bell rope and cries "All aboard!"

Toward the end of the story there is a report of a terrible collision. When this is heard all the players "boo" loudly to imitate the noise and rush together in great confusion.

The Wreck of the Titan

By Morgan Robertson

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SYNOPSIS

The great steamer Titan, supposed to be unsinkable, starts across the Atlantic. Rowland, once a lieutenant, now a common sailor, meets his old love Myra. She is with her husband and child.

The Titan cuts a ship in two, and her captain endeavours to conceal the crime. Rowland objects. The captain gives him whisky, so that he will be discredited. Myra accuses him of attempting to murder her child.

Rowland is drugged by the captain's order and is then given the starboard bridge lookout, so that he will disgrace himself. Myra's child steals away and joins Rowland.

The Titan strikes an iceberg and sinks. Thousands are lost. Myra escapes in a boat. Rowland and the child find refuge on the iceberg. He loses an arm in a fight with a polar bear.

CHAPTER V.

Marooned on an iceberg.

WITH lucid intervals, during which he repined or rebuilt the fire, cooked the bear meat and fed and dressed the wounds of the child, this delirium lasted three days. His suffering was intense. His arm, the seat of throbbing pain, had swollen to twice the natural size, while his side prevented his taking a full breath voluntarily. He had paid no attention to his own hurts, and it was either the vigor of a constitution that years of dissipation had not impaired or some anti-febrile property of the bear meat or the absence of the exciting whisky that won the battle. He rekindled the fire with his last match on the evening of the third day and looked around the darkening horizon, sane, but feeble in body and mind.

If a sail had appeared in the interim he had not seen it, nor was there one in sight now. Too weak to climb the slope, he returned to the boat, where the child, exhausted from fruitless crying, was now sleeping. His unskillful and rather heroic manner of wrapping it up to protect it from cold had no doubt contributed largely to the closing of its wounds by forcibly keeping it still, though it must have added largely to its present sufferings. He looked for a moment on the wan, tear stained little face, with its fringe of tangled curls peeping above the wrappings of canvas, and, stooping painfully down, kissed it softly, but the kiss awakened it, and it cried for its mother. He could not soothe it, nor could he try, and with a formless, wordless curse against destiny welling up from his heart he left it and sat down on the wreckage at some distance away.

"We'll very likely get well," he mused gloomily, "unless I let the fire go out. What then? We can't last longer than the berg and not much longer than the bear. We must be out of the tracks. We were about 900 miles out when we struck, and the current sticks to the fog belt hereabout west-sou'west—but that's the surface water. These deep fellows have currents of their own. There's no fog. We must be to the southward of the belt—between the lanes. They'll run their boats in the other lane after this, I think—the money grabbing wretches. Curse them if they've drowned her. Curse them, with their water tight compartments and their logging of the lookouts. Twenty-four boats for 3,000 people, lashed down with tarred gripe lashings, thirty men to clear them away and not an ax on the boat deck or a sheath knife on a man. Could she have got away? If they got that boat down they might have taken her in from the steps, and the mate knew I had her child. He would tell her. Her name must be Myra too. It was her voice I heard in that dream. That was sheesh. What did they drug me for? If the whisky was all right. It's all done with now unless I get ashore, but will I?"

The moon rose above the castellated structure to the left, flooding the icy beach with ashen gray light, sparkling in a thousand points from the cascades, streams and rippling pools, throwing into blackest shadow the gullies and hollows and bringing to his mind in spite of the weird beauty of the scene a crushing sense of loneliness—of littleness—as though the vast pile of inorganic desolation which held him was of far greater importance than himself and all the hopes, plans and fears of his lifetime. The child had cried itself to sleep again, and he paced up and down the ice.

"Up there," he said moodily, looking into the sky, where a few stars shone faintly in the flood from the moon—"up there—somewhere—they don't know just where—but somewhere up above, is the Christians' heaven. Up there is their good God, who has placed Myra's child here—their good God—and down below us, somewhere again, are their hell and their bad god, whom they invented themselves. And they give us our choice—heaven or hell. It is not so—not so. The great mystery is not solved. The human heart is not helped in this way. No good, merciful God created this world or its conditions. Whatever may be the nature of the causes at work beyond our mental

vision, one fact is indubitably proved—that the qualities of mercy, goodness, justice, play no part in the government scheme. And yet they say the core of all religions on earth is the belief in this. Is it, or is it the cowardly, human fear of the unknown that impels the savage mother to throw her babe to a crocodile, that impels the civilized man to endow churches, that has kept in existence from the beginning a class of soothsayers, medicine men, priests and clergymen, all living on the hopes and fears excited by themselves?

"And people pray—millions of them—and claim they are answered. Are they? Was ever supplication sent into that sky by troubled humanity answered or even heard? Who knows? They pray for rain and sunshine, and both come in time. They pray for health and success, and both are but natural in the marching of events. This is not evidence. But they say that they know, by spiritual uplifting that they are heard and comforted and answered at the moment. Is not this a physiological experiment? Would they not feel equally tranquil if they repeated the multiplication table or boxed the compass?

"Millions have believed this—that prayers are answered—and these millions have prayed to different gods. Were they all wrong or all right? Would a tentative prayer be listened to? Admitting that the Bibles and Korans and Vedas are misleading and unreliable, may there not be an unknown, unknown being who knows my



"Bark ahoy! Bark ahoy! Take us off!"

heart, who is watching me now? If so, this being gave me my reason, which doubts him, and on him is the responsibility. And would this being, if he exists, overlook a defect for which I am not to blame and listen to a prayer from me based on the mere chance that I might be mistaken? Can an unfeeling, in the full strength of his reasoning powers, come to such trouble that he can no longer stand alone, but must cry for help to an imagined power? Can such come to a same man—to me?" He looked at the dark line of vacant horizon. It was seven miles away; New York was 900, the moon in the east over 200,000 and the stars above any number of billions. He was alone with a sleeping child, a dead bear and the unknown. He walked softly to the boat and looked at the little one for a moment; then, raising his head, he whispered, "For you, Myra."

Shaking to his knees, the atheist cast his eyes to the heavens and with his feeble voice and the fervor born of helplessness prayed to the God that he denied. He begged for the life of the wif in his care, for the safety of the mother, so needless to the little one, and for courage and strength to do his part and bring them together. But beyond the appeal for help in the service of others not one word or expressed thought of his prayer included himself as a beneficiary. So much for pride. As he rose to his feet the flying jib of a bark appeared around the corner of ice to the right of the bench, and a moment later the whole moonlit fabric came into view, wafted along by the faint westerly air, not half a mile away.

He sprang to the fire, forgetting his pain, and, throwing on wood, made a blaze. He hollered in a frenzy of excitement. "Bark ahoy! Bark ahoy! Take us off!" And a deep-toned answer came across the water.

"Wake up, Myra," he cried as he lifted the child. "Wake up. We're going away."

"We goin' to mamma?" she asked with no symptoms of crying.

"Yes, we're going to mamma now—that is," he added to himself, "if that clause in the prayer is considered."

Fifteen minutes later, as he watched the approach of a white quarter boat, he muttered: "That bark was there, half a mile back in this wind, before I thought of praying. Is that prayer answered? Is she safe?"

* * * * *

On the first floor of the London Royal Exchange is a large apartment studded with desks, around and between which surges a hurrying, shouting crowd of brokers, clerks and messengers. Filling this apartment are doors and hallways leading to adjacent rooms and offices, and scattered throughout are bulletin boards, on which are daily written in duplicate the marine casualties of the world. At one end is a raised platform, sacred to the presence of an important functionary. In the technical language of the "city," the apartment is known as the "room" and the func-

tionary as the "caller," whose business it is to call out in a mighty sing-song voice the names of members wanted at the door and the bare particulars of bulletin news prior to its being chalked out for reading.

It is the headquarters of Lloyd's—the immense association of underwriters, brokers and shipping men which, beginning with the customers at Edward Lloyd's coffee house in the latter part of the seventeenth century, has, retaining his name for a title, developed into a corporation so well equipped, so splendidly organized and powerful, that kings and ministers of state appeal to it at times for foreign news.

Not a master or mate sailing under the English flag but whose record, even to forecastle fights, is tabulated at Lloyd's for the inspection of prospective employers. Not a ship is cast away on any inhabitable coast of the world during underwriters' business hours but what that mighty singsong cry announces the event at Lloyd's within thirty minutes.

One of the adjoining rooms is known as the chart room. Here can be found in perfect order and sequence, each on its roller, the newest charts of all nations. Not a ship is cast away on any inhabitable coast of the world during underwriters' business hours but what that mighty singsong cry announces the event at Lloyd's within thirty minutes.

"John Rowland, sailor of the Titan, with child passenger, name unknown, on board Peerless, Bath, at Christiansand, Norway. Both dangerously ill. Rowland speaks of ship cask in half night before loss of Titan."

"What do you make of it, Meyer? Royal Age, isn't it?" asked one.

"Yes," vociferated another, "I've figured back. Only ship not reported lately. Overdue two months. Was spoken same day fifty miles east of that iceberg."

"Sure thing," said others. "Nothing said about it in the captain's statement. Looks queer."

"Well, what of it?" said Mr. Meyer painfully and stupidly. "Dere is a collision clause in der Titan's policy. I merely bay the money, to der steamship company instead of to der Royal Age beepie."

"But why did the captain conceal it?" they shouted at him. "What's his object—assured against collision suits?"

"Der looks of it, perhaps. Looks pad."

"Nonsense, Meyer! What's the matter with you? Which one of the lost tribes did you spring from? You're like none of your race—drinking yourself stupid like a good Christian. I've got a thousand on the Titan, and if I'm to pay it I want to know why. You've got the heaviest risk and the brain to fight for it. You've got to do it. Go home, straighten up and attend to this. We'll watch Rowland till you take hold. We're all caught."

They put him into a cub, took him to a Turkish bath and then home. The next morning he was at his desk, clear eyed and clear headed, and for a few weeks was a busy, scheming man of business.

Arctic, Boston, Captain Brandt.

"Oh, mine good God!" he howled as he rushed toward the captain's room. "Four foot! Four foot!" said one observer to another. "He covered the whole of the Royal Age and the biggest chunk of the Titan. He'll take his wife's diamonds to settle."

Three weeks later Mr. Meyer was aroused from a brooding lethargy by a crowd of shouting underwriters, who rushed into the captain's room, seized him by the shoulders and hurried him out and up to a bulletin.

"Read it, Meyer! Read it! What do you think of it?" With some difficulty he read aloud, while they watched him.

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